

1921

The Student's Pen



VOL. VI

NO. 4

PITTSFIELD HIGH SCHOOL

February Number 1921

GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

DEPENDABILITY

BY DR. FRANK CRANE

A MAN'S permanent value rests on his dependability. The first question asked is, "Can we depend upon this person?" A man may be clever, capable and agreeable, but if you cannot depend upon him you do not want him around. To be dependable we must be dependable in all things, little and big, at all times, in all places, under all circumstances. We cannot be dependable if we have weak health, weak character and a weak will. The dependable man keeps as straight in the dark as in the light. You know that wherever he is put he will not lie, he will not steal, he will not cheat, he will not do any mean or contemptible thing.

INITIATIVE

THE world bestows its big prizes, both in money and honors, for but one thing, and that is Initiative.

What is Initiative? I'll tell you: It is doing the right thing without being told.

But next to doing the right thing without being told is to do it when you are told once. That is to say, carry the message to Garcia; those who can carry a message get high honors, but their pay is not always in proportion.

Next, there are those who never do a thing until they are told twice; such get no honors and small pay.

Next, there are those who do the right thing only when necessity kicks them from behind, and these get indifference instead of honors, and a pittance for pay.

This kind spend most of their time in polishing a bench with a hard luck story.

Then, still lower down in the scale than this we have the fellow who will not do the right thing even if somebody goes along to show him how and stays to see that he does it; he is always out of a job, and receives the contempt he deserves, unless he has a rich pa, in which case destiny patiently waits around the corner with a stuffed club.

To which class do you belong?

—Selected

APPRENTICE
SYSTEM

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

The Student's Pen

FOUNDED 1893

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Pittsfield, Massachusetts

Vol. VI

February, 1921

No. 4

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EDITORIALS

An Appreciation

Halt, fellow students, in your grand march for Education and think! Think of your teachers who have toiled for many a weary day helping erring ones over mistakes and guiding others into new paths of learning. Now that you are thinking of all your teachers, let me mention one in particular who is worthy of your thought and praise; Mr. Goodwin, our acting principal. Do you realize, fellow students, what a man-sized job it is to be principal of a school of some five or six hundred students and still continue teaching? Perhaps some of you, in later years, when you are teachers, will realize what Mr. Goodwin has been doing since October. At any rate let us all stop marching long enough to say, "Hats off to Mr. Goodwin", with all our hearts.

"Luck is the tide, nothing more. The strong man rows with it if it makes toward his port. He rows against it if it flows the other way. Fair or foul, flood or ebb, *he rows*, and the world has very little use for or time to waste on the man who complains that the tide did not turn at every bend to suit his course."

Part of this issue of "The Student's Pen" is given over to the Senior Class of February 1921, which has so recently left the portals of Pittsfield High School.



LITERATURE

Trials and Troubles of Modern Housekeeping —By One Who Knows

I have often wondered what would be the feelings and sensations of a kippered herring, if that respectable and God-fearing creature were suddenly removed from the close quarters of its receptacle and the felicity of its companionship, and placed in the Sahara desert, exactly two rods from the nearest object in sight.

It was no longer than three days ago, that I, in my desire to elude the turmoil of this, our busy and progressive metropolis, wandered amidst the vast wilderness and unpenetrable undergrowth of South Mountain and sought retirement and solitude therein. Throwing myself upon a grassy knoll, I began to ponder over the knotty problems of house-hunting and making my weekly (weakly enough) expenditure for chewing gum tally with my pay-roll. Such side issues as sealskin coats, diamond shirt studs and theatre parties are so trivial that I need not mention them here.

Three days before, had a surly barbarian (known in modern English as "The Landlord") presented himself at my portals and delivered across the threshold a document on which the following stood boldly out:

B. U. RICH . . . Rent For the Month of November	\$267.00
Back Rent for 1919 (overdue)	\$12,463.00
Total	\$12,730.00

P. S. STARTING JAN. 1, 1921, RENTS WILL BE INCREASED 20%.—

Having dispelled all fear, for I had feared that it might be some church-canvasser or a subscriber for the Annual Hibernian Sons of Autocracy picnic which is held every two weeks in Orange Park, I cordially dismissed this bandit, saying I would pay immediately, for I knew full well I could secure a few stray dollars and settle up right away. Alas! by noon, letters began to stream in so fast from the butcher, baker, cook, doctor, groceryman, dentist, milliner, tailor, blacksmith and all the rest of the robber horde; that I began to seriously consider hiring a private secretary and a stenographer. My spouse and I went into council at once.

"Our Landlord," began my wife, "seems to think that we have discovered the lost treasure of the Aztecs."

"Or that alchemy is a thing of the past," I retorted. "I'll settle this invasion right now," I exclaimed, at the same time grabbing the telephone. Fixing two eyes on my wife and the other on the telephone directory, I prepared to deliver my ultimatum, which consisted of a flat decrease of thirty dollars a month in the rent, three months in which to pay last month's bill, the right to use said landlord's automobile or horse anytime I pleased (or rather my wife pleased), and the provision that he pay all water rates.

After being connected with "Out of Order", "Number Please," "Get off the line", "Good Bye", an iron foundry, two bakeries, a delicatessen shop, toll operator, a workshop for the blind, a glass works, the fire department and night watchman at the cemetery, I finally located the desired (or the undesired) party. With righteous indignation, I laid out my final terms in a tone which would have made Marc Antony's oratory beg for the privilege of a place in Webster's dictionary, *ipso facto*.

My landlord must have been accustomed to such outbursts of passion, for after listening for some time without interruption, he tout à coup declared war on all my family, my ancestors, kinsmen and all my posterity, declared the house rented, and gave us one month in which to hurl out our trunks.

I hastily consulted seventeen or more newspapers for real estate adds, which failed to reveal anything except the facts that a Hancock farmer had five cords of wood for sale (mattress and meat chopper thrown in, if taken at once), and that a shoestring valued as a keepsake had been lost between Taconic Mill and the Country Club. Thoroughly disgusted, I was contemplating purchasing the Woolworth building, or making a habitat out of Grant's Tomb, when my wife exclaimed,

"I have it. We will buy a farm in the country."

"With what?" "Rubber washers?" I asked. "Do you expect me to make a midnight expedition to J. Pierpont Morgan's or get a job as a bond messenger in Wall Street?"

"An easy matter," retorted my conniux. "Just hand over your bank books, liberty bonds and stocks and I'll do the rest."

"And I'll take a rest, in that case. Perhaps you'll want to make an X-ray photograph of my pants, or cigarette case or stockings next. Suppose I should want a few cents to buy a couple sticks of chewing gum."

"Now talk sense," put in my wife, as though anyone could really do that with her. "It is perfectly reasonable that living in the country is much cheaper than in the city. For instance there is the gain in raising one's own crops, and the pleasure of fresh eggs and butter every morning."

"And the pleasure of raising Cain with me every morning; and the gain in paying enormous prices for grain, hay and everything else. And look at the central location," I exclaimed with sarcasm.—

This would have continued throughout the night, if the toll of eleven had not put an end to this empty talk. We then embarked for the upper regions and were soon peacefully sleeping in the land of the counterpane.

But to make matters short, I will say here that we finally located a place and are now settled in a little colonial farmhouse on the Cheshire road. Chaos reigned supreme, revolutions were rife and assault and battery was a common thing for nearly two weeks, during which I either laughed, cried, sneered, raved, roared, smiled, whistled, shrieked or gnashed my teeth, according to my impulses. During those two weeks I also learned that moving is as about as enjoyable a pastime as exposure to shellfire in No Man's Land, and that during moving week ten spots flow like water. It is only now that I can fully sympathize with Adam and Eve and their discomfiture, after the angels had delivered their ultimatum calling for an evacuation of the "Garden of Eden", without reservations.

Although, my friends, my pocketbook is flatter than a corset rib that has been run over by a steam roller, if perchance you hold your courses along the Cheshire road, drop in and see us. We have an abundance of spare rooms and a wine cellar besides.

C. S. Uhrig '22

A Baby

'Tis the most wonderful thing in the world,
With its innocent eyes of blue,
And rounded cheeks so rosy in hue,
And its tiny hand—God bless that too;
It's velvety skin, so soft to the touch,
And the curling fingers we all love so much,
Indeed, 'tis the most wonderful thing in the world.

White '21

Moonshine

Last night there was a misty river in the sky,
With a thousand little starfish in it,
And a heavy-laden moon
Pouring her cargo of silver honey
Into the current.

Poems taken from current magazines, etc., will not be accepted as Pen Material, but the more original, the more acceptable are contributions to this department.

Senior Class Section

CLASS MOTTO

"Nulla palma sine labore"

CLASS COLORS

Crimson and White

CLASS OFFICERS

President—FRANK MANGAN

Vice-President—HERBERT BAUER

Secretary—RUTH M. GARDNER

Treasurer—EDWARD COSTER

Class Advisor—MISS ROSE CONVERSE

LIST OF GRADUATES

BEATRICE MADELINE ANTHONY

ERNEST FRANCIS BATES

CHARLES HERBERT BAUER

EDWARD JOHN COSTER

MICHAEL JOSEPH FAHEY

JACOB KLEIN

JANE MARGARET HOAG

FRANK ANDREW MANGAN

EDIZABETH KATHRYN RYAN

JOE ARLINE BATES

MARY LOUISE CAHILL

ROBERT LELAND COSTINE

RUTH MARIE GARDNER

RUSSELL STERRY HOLDREDGE

MILDRED BEATRICE MELIN

DOROTHY VIRGINIA O'BRIEN

GRACE ELIZABETH TIERNEY

MEMBER OF PRO MERITO SOCIETY

JANE MARGARET HOAG

PROGRAM OF THE GRADUATION EXERCISES

Concert from 8.00 to 8.30

Glee Club assisted by Orchestra

Salutatory—The Value of the School

Paper Joe Arline Bates

Violin Solo—"Fifth Air Varie" (Weigl)

Mildred Beatrice Melin

Oration—"The Growing Opportunity of the College" Charles Herbert Bauer

Vocal Solo—"I hear a Thrush at Eve" (Cadman) Ruth Marie Gardner

Oration—"Physical Education" Frank Andrew Mangan

Announcement of Pro Merito Appointments Mr. John Gannon

Essay—"Nulla palma sine labore" and Valedictory Jane Margaret Hoag

Awarding of Diplomas Mayor Michael W. Flynn

Salutatory—The Value of a School Paper

Honorable Mayor, Mr. Superintendent, members of the school committee, teachers, parents and friends. In behalf of the first class of 1921, the greatest class of P. H. S., I greet you. You smile, in fact everyone smiles at the mere mention of our class and demands that we prove the statement of greatness. It has been said that "Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them." The mere act of appearing before you tonight marks one of the greatest achievements known to this high school. The class of last June gave in its history, the details of lost school days owing to pestilence and war, which caused them to shed crocodile tears for fear their brilliance might be dimmed. Not so with us. With no vain desire for promeritou, we marched calmly and bravely beside our more brilliant brothers carrying our banner of perseverance to the goal of success.

So tonight we take the opportunity of bringing to your notice certain activities, events and organizations which to our minds, go far toward making school life a more interesting, unfiled process and the final success. First in importance of course, our studies, and second, three almost equally important factors, namely athletics, clubs and the school paper. It is my purpose to suggest to you briefly some of the advantages of a school publication to students, teachers, parents and in fact the entire citizen body of the city, for between the covers of such a magazine is collectively portrayed a word picture of every phase of school life during the entire four years in high school.

In observing any successful man's daily life it will be noticed that he has some favored recreation which he is in the habit of taking after business hours. For some it is golf, some enjoy baseball or football and for some it is merely a cigar and a good book. Yet it is always there in some form.

It is the same with us. Outside our daily school work we need something to keep our interest loyal in the various school events. And here is where our organizations are so valuable. Perhaps more than half the school finds the needed stimulant in athletics. But there is still the remaining half whose needs must be satisfied. For a few, the debating club offers many possibilities; one group of boys spend the period of time allotted to the interesting study of electricity, those who love music have the privileges of the glee club. But notwithstanding that fact, there is still a group left unsatisfied. For these we have to offer "The Student's Pen", which not only furnishes a literary outlet for these few, but also holds an equal interest for every pupil in the high school; inasmuch as it records the activities of the various groups. Many a literary genius has found an outlet for his earlier talent in that department of his school paper. Thus it forms a tie which binds the pupils closer to each other and to their school, for there is nothing like a common interest to bring people of widely different tastes into a closer understanding.

Such a paper is also important to the business man, for he realizes that we are the coming men and women with whom he must deal. Through the advertising department of the magazine he is able to reach us as he could not without its assistance.

So it is that through the aid of this one small journal, many speak to many, where otherwise few would hear or be heard.

The pope may launch his interdict,
The union his decree
But the bubble is blown and the bubble is pricked
By us and such as we;
Remember the battle and stand aside
While thrones and powers confess
That the king over all the children of pride
Is the press—the press—the press.

—Arline Bates

"The Growing Opportunity of the College"

We, who are graduating tonight from this, our beloved High School, have an excellent chance of obtaining a college education and I think nearly every member of our class intends to do so.

Whoever studies our present educational conditions cannot help but note with interest the ever increasing number of high school graduates who are entering the American Colleges. It is fast becoming the rule, rather than the exception, for a young man to attend college on his own resources. Thirty years ago the mere statement that a man was attending college, meant that his parents or benefactor were wealthy. If a poor boy did succeed in graduating from a higher institution of learning without outside aid, during this period, he was lauded as a genius. Today there are hundreds of students in the universities of our country whose parents boast of but moderate means. This must signify that the young men are paying part, if not all, of their own expenses.

It is not possible of course, for boys who are supporting themselves to attend private preparatory schools, as the tuition at such institutions is usually rather high. As a result of this fact private preparatory schools are gradually being forced to share with the high schools their previously exclusive functions of preparing the youths of our nation for college. This change is, however, not an alarming one because the high schools of America have advanced until the old idea, that the preparation given by a private preparatory school was superior to that given by a high school, has become extinct.

College professors say that the best grade of work is often done by the student who is paying his own expenses. In any phase of life we find that the

self-dependent man is a harder worker and is more ambitious than the man who is depending upon someone else for his livelihood. So in college we find that the man takes life more seriously when he is using money, which he himself earns, than when his bills are being paid by a benefactor.

Two possible reasons exist for the increased number of self-supporting college students. *First*, the young men of our country at the present time are more ambitious for an education than those of an earlier period, because competition in business and the professions are so acute today that without training, one is liable to be only a mediocre success and so be lost in "the shuffle of existence."

Second, the advantages of higher education have recently been extended to a wider group. Almost every state in the Union has a state university, such as M. A. C., where no tuition is charged a student if he is a resident of the state. Many of the wealthy men of our nation have offered to loan money enough to any high school graduate to enable him to go to college. This money can be paid back after graduation without interest. The colleges themselves are doing all within their power to help those who wish to help themselves.

Nearly every university boasts of an endowment fund, the interest from which is used to pay the expenses of some of the members of its student body. Scholarships are offered to those who have attained the highest marks in the schools which they have previously attended, and in various courses of the college itself. In addition to this, every position available about the college campus is offered to those who are of the student body, and in this way many pupils earn money enough to defray a part, if not all, of their expenses.

Thus we all have an excellent chance of giving ourselves an advanced education—and in the words of Sir Walter Scott, "The best part of every man's education is that which he gives himself."

—Charles Herbert Bauer

PHYSICAL EDUCATION

All education should aim to produce a sound mind in a strong, healthy body. But this important fact is too often forgotten in our public schools, and a greater amount of attention is placed on the development of the intellectual powers. Our bodies demand as much attention as our minds, and this attention should be given in our youth, when we are plastic and easily shaped.

Doctors have come to the conclusion that physical education is more essential at the present time than ever before in the history of the United States. They base their opinions largely on the fact that exceptionally large

numbers of men were rejected in the draft on account of physical disability. They claim that there would not be so great a number of young men physically defective if they had been taught in their boyhood the importance of keeping their bodies in good physical condition.

By carrying on various branches of athletics, the high schools endeavor to develop the boys so that they will be able to meet all physical requirements. What better test of character can be made than when boys are matched against each other on the athletic field, where a spirit of team work is developed. Not only is the spirit of team work developed, but the young men acquire loyalty for their school which they, in future life develop into a spirit of loyalty for their city and for their state. Athletics play no small part in the development of the boy into a strong, vigorous, and healthy man.

Taking into consideration the numberless benefits derived from proper athletic education, we naturally turn to our chief educational center in Pittsfield and ask "What is being done here for so important a department of education? Are we doing all we should for our boys and girls, our future leaders, or are we negligent to any extent?" There is a strong feeling in Pittsfield that our high school needs its own gymnasium, its own swimming pool, its own recreation field. Is the money available? NO. Nor will it be available until the people of Pittsfield make their demands so loud that they will be heard in every section of this fair city.

Then, and not until then will Pittsfield High have athletic apparatus which can compare favorably with other cities and towns in this Commonwealth.

—Frank Mangan

Valedictory—Nulla Palma Sine Labore

The poet tells us that some men are born great, some achieve greatness and some have greatness thrust upon them. All of us, who have any ambition at all in life, aspire to greatness of one sort or another, but the ideal kind of greatness must be that which comes to us as the result of our own efforts. Work is nothing more or less than the continuous application of energy toward an end and the more praiseworthy the end, the greater the endeavor should we exert in its accomplishment. Nowadays we often join in a general shout of praise for the one, who as a matter of pure luck attains to heights of greatness, but it seems to me that the palm for achievement should go to those goodly men and women who through their own undivided and tireless striving have made their names ring down through the ages. History relates many instances of persons who have risen from obscurity to fame among whom are three whose lives I ask you to review with me.

In the 15th century lived a maid who was commanded by God to be the deliverer of France. It was no easy task for a poor little peasant girl of Domremy, ignorant, unknown and without influence to go forth from her home to suffer the trials of war. What Joan of Arc accomplished at the age of 17 has no parallel in the history of the world. Called upon to pass through many trials that would have crushed the spirit of a less heroic soul, she converted the people's disbelief in her to utmost confidence. As general-in-chief of the French army, she led France to victory. Her motto through her whole life was, "Work, Work! and God will work with us."

During a period which is perhaps more familiar to us, was born a man who through many struggles became a foremost educator of his day. Amos Caton was born of poor parentage in Chatham, N. Y., May 17, 1776. He early showed his resourcefulness, for when but a lad of 14, he determined to learn the art of surveying. Through self-denial, his parents were able to send him to Williams College, from which he was graduated in 1799. After graduation he studied law and practised it for several years. At the age of 39, he gave up the law and we find him a professor of botany and geology at Williams College. His influence over the students was remarkable. He not only held them, he fascinated them. He was always working for the good of man. A system of botany that he introduced was for years the general work available for students in this country. Perhaps his work in the geological field is the most important, for it consumed the greater part of his life. It was fortunate that in 1820, this devoted man met Stephen Van Rensselaer, who became a Jonathan to this struggling David, and placed at his disposal his heart, his influence and his purse. The crowning achievement of their lives was the founding of the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute at Troy, N. Y. To have given up an established practice in law, to have devoted his whole time and energy to the pursuit of scientific research and to have established such a school as Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute required of this man not only self denial but constant application and long hours of toil.

Nearer to our own time what better exponent of a successful workman can be found than Warren G. Harding, President of the United States. His present position is due to no one outstanding event of his career, but rather to an almost unbroken series of progressive events leading to a final goal. Whatever the task in hand, whether splitting rails, teaching the village school or conducting The Marion Daily Star, he has done with his might what his hand has found to do, always aspiring to something higher.

Your honor, Mr. Superintendent, and members of the school committee: We are truly grateful for your attention to our needs and thoughtfulness for our welfare during the four years spent within these walls.

Mr. Principal and teachers: We deeply realize tonight more than ever before what you have done for us; that you have given four years of your lives

to training us in knowledge and in the development of our character. The task must often have seemed thankless, but we assure you, that it is appreciated and that every member of the class of 1921 will always keep a warm place in his heart for the members of the faculty of the Pittsfield High School.

"Dear parents and friends: Now that the hour has come for parting, in behalf of the class, I thank you for so kindly and sympathetically entering into the spirit of our exercises.

"Undergraduates: We know that our example will live and be emulated by you, but honor and prestige are not all we wish: we would desire to be remembered individually as classmates.

"Dear classmates: We have spent four years together, which in the light of memory will always seem joyous years. Tonight we are parting to go forth into the world upon our life work. We should understand that our success will depend absolutely and only on ourselves. The man who believes he has a mission is a success. Then taking the motto, 'This one thing I do,' let us carefully choose our work and give ourselves to it."

—Jane Margaret Hoag

Class Ode

*Written by Edward John Coster
Tune: "Annie Laurie"*

Now our high school days are ended,
The time has come to depart,
But sweet memories still will linger
To gladden every heart,
To gladden every heart,
Which ne'er forgot will be,
And we'll keep your memory ever
As we sail on o'er life's great sea.

Farewell, dear Pittsfield High School,
To our class we say good-bye,
Through our lives we'll stand together
For the sake of Pittsfield High,
For the sake of Pittsfield High,
Whose fond name to keep we'll try,
As our eyes shed tears of sadness,
To all we bid good-bye.

Class Banquet

The class banquet was held Tuesday evening, February 1st in the grapery of the Hotel Wendell with Superintendent John F. Gannon, Mr. and Mrs. William E. Goodwin, Miss Rose Converse and Mr. A. J. Keaney of the faculty as guests of honor. Those seniors who made the class play a success were also on the list of honor guests. Mr. Gannon and Mr. Goodwin gave short addresses to the class and several members of the class, under the leadership of their president, Frank Mangan, spoke briefly of their past activities. Edward Coster gave the class prophecy. The last will and testament of the class was read by Robert Costine. The class gifts were presented by Jacob Klein and Ernest Bates. By way of jollity a piece of music was presented Ruth Gardner with the request that she sing it.

After the ceremonies attendant upon the banquet were disposed of dancing was enjoyed until a rather late hour.

Committee on Activities

Class Pin and Ring—Ruth Gardner, chairman, Beatrice Anthony, and Russell Holdredge.

Play—Jane Hoag, Grace Tierney, Ruth Gardner, Herbert Bauer and Edward Coster.

Class Motto—Jane Hoag, Mildred Melin, and Jacob Klein.

Banquet—Edward Coster, chairman, Dorothy O'Brien and Beatrice Anthony.

Rolling and Tying Diplomas—Beatrice Anthony, Elizabeth Ryan, Mildred Melin and Ruth Gardner.

Class Gifts—Jacob Klein and Ernest Bates.

Class Will and Testament—Robert Costine.

Class Prophecy—Edward Coster.

Candy for Play—Elizabeth Ryan.

"Engaged By Wednesday"

The Senior Play "Engaged By Wednesday" given in the auditorium of the High School, Friday, 14th, met with a decided success. At both the matinee and evening performances, the auditorium was filled to its capacity. A synopsis of the play follows: Lucile, the leading lady, with some college friends is expected home for a visit. Miss Persons, aunt of Lucile, and Mrs. Watson, mother of Arthur, the leading man, desire to have Lucile and Arthur, who have not seen each other for seven years, marry, and it is planned to have them become engaged by Wednesday. Lucile, aware of the fact of her marriage to Arthur schemes with her friends so that Arthur may not know for sure which is Lucile, as they would dress alike and lead him on. Likewise, Arthur and some of his intimate friends plan a similar scheme in regard to Lucile. These schemes lead to a very entangled affair, which in time is unravelled and when the truth is revealed the friends of Lucile and the friends of Arthur quarrel over the fact that they had been misled as to the identity of Arthur and Lucile. It turned out that Arthur is really in love with the real Lucile and instead of a fake elopement arranged by the friends of Arthur in order to get even with him, a true elopement is sure to take place, as Arthur finds he has two hours left in which to become better acquainted with Lucile, before it is Wednesday, on which day he would become engaged.

Each one of the well talented cast showed the ability to carry out his or her character. Beatrice Anthony, the leading lady, was excellent in the part of a charming college girl. Herbert Bauer, the leading man, proved to be the ardent lover in a most natural way. The close and college friends of the leading lady, played by Jane Hoag, Mary Cahill, and Caroline Cooper were typical and attractive girls, who carried out their flirtations with Arthur, the leading man, and his friends played by Thomas Killian, Donald Ferris, and Roger Burns, with great skill. Arthur's friends deserve much credit for the fun making and especially Frank Mangan, who caused much mirth. Elizabeth McLaughlin in the character of an extremely haughty person and Margaret Marsh with her pleasing lisp were exceptionally good. Frances Fowler in the role of a cook did very well as did Dorothy Leonard, Mildred Melin, Grace Tierney and Alice Sheerin, in minor parts.

The extra attractions were very well received. Those who took part were Myra Kimball in an aesthetic dance, Vera Cushman, a gypsy dance to the vocal accompaniment of Frances Fowler and Clifford Heather, Ruth Gardner, vocal selections, and a "Mumps Drill" by Donald Ferris, Edward Coster and William Cole.

The stage, with its outdoor setting was especially attractive reflecting much credit upon Thomas Killian, stage manager and his corps of helpers, consisting of Robert Kenyon, Robert Peck, John Hopper, Roger Burns, Joseph Fahey, and Jacob Klein. Miss Converse coached the play and Russell Holl dredge proved an efficient business manager.

**Glee Club Notes**

The P. H. S. Glee Club meets just as frequently as Tuesday morning comes around. When our singers enthusiastically join in on the strains of "The Heavens are Telling" or "The Angels Serenade," they compare well with the Community Chorus. We are rehearsing for graduation and a large percentage of the Club plans to be present on that night to make the event as pleasant as the assistance of the Glee Club has always made it in former years.

J. B. E. '21

Senior A Class Notes

Heigho! my school-mates. Lend me your eyes for this interesting information I am about to impart to you. I shall not bore you with a lengthy report about the doings of this notable class. It is not that we have failed to do something. Oh no— We have been busier than bees. It is that our most important activities will be described to you by some one else.

However this remarkable class cannot be expected to go a full month without deciding some matters which present themselves.

For instance, we encountered a most unusual situation in regard to our Class tax. It was owing to the desire of each Home Room to obtain a perfect percentage and thus win the class banner; it was owing to the readiness and willingness of the pupils to pay their class tax.

This situation is explained by these few words. Two Home Rooms had a 100% rank for November. Several suggestions were made as to which room should be given the banner. One plan was for each room to have it fifteen days. Another especially brilliant and compromising, was offered by Mr. Aronson. He made the proposal that the emblem he awarded to the unsuccessful room. The plan, finally adopted was to award the banner to the room which first reported a perfect rank to the president. Thus was the situation solved.

Methinks I have not lived up to my first statement.

By the Secretary,
I. D. '21

Junior A Class Notes

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
"There's one sure thing, or I miss my guess,
That the Junior Prom was a great success!"

To those who attended the "Junior Prom," that glorious and notable event, which has never been surpassed in the annals of P. H. S., and is destined never to be, no explanation need be given, for they now realize that such a class as the Junior A really exists. In fact, our prominence began many months ago, and steadily grew until it has now reached its zenith. Everyone who attended the Prom knows that we can and did run the most successful school dance ever held in the Masonic Temple; they realize that we know how to give The Temple a neat and artistic appearance, that our selection of the Shire City orchestra and its instructor was the best move we ever made, that we can spread good cheer and happiness quicker and farther than any other class in P. H. S., and lastly, that we can give comfort, pleasure and satisfaction to our fellow-students, the true virtues of a Junior class. Moreover, we have demonstrated our class spirit, our school-spirit, our advertising ability, and our superiority in the ticket selling line. Let us recall one instance!

When despair and failure were knocking loudly at our door, did we weaken or submit to the scoffs of others who were even less hopeful than ourselves? No!! Instead we girt on the weapons of perseverance, inspiration and persistency and advanced into the fray. The result was overwhelming! The receipts from tickets grew in three days from \$25.00 to \$165.00. Nor did this remarkable and sudden prosperity turn our heads. No, indeed, we kept on, with one definite goal in view, and at twelve o'clock, Wednesday, December 29, \$235.00 lay in the Junior A treasury.

A splendid showing, you will remark! But it was more than this. We had accomplished our purpose,—the public was pleased, the students were satisfied, and we, ourselves felt well repaid for our efforts. Who is so ignoble that he would not admit that the Junior Prom was the most successful dance ever given by a Junior class? Who is so base that he would regret that he had mingled with those 450 enthusiastic merry-makers and pleasure-seekers of which Pittsfield High boasts so great a number. Who did not leave, on the night of that notable event, the Masonic Temple with a feeling of happiness and gratification? Speak, for him have we offended. We pause for a reply—

In the meantime, while we are waiting for a response, we are planning other activities Sleighrides and theatre parties will follow in rapid succession. From now on, follow the fortunes and affairs of the Junior A class through all the hazards of the future, for as there is only one Paris, and only one New York, so there is only one JUNIOR CLASS.

C. S. Uhrig, Sec'y

Junior B Class Notes

As the Junior B class meeting opened on January 5, the secretary was asked to read his report, but, due to some misunderstanding, he had not prepared it and it was disposed of until the next meeting. The treasurer read her report and afterwards the meeting was open for any discussion or criticism.

A sleigh ride was suggested but was carried away when Mr. Smith got up and asked where we were going to get the snow.

A committee of five was formed to choose the class colors: they are Miss Noble, Mr. Smith, Miss Flynn, Mr. Cornelius and Miss Huntress.

Miss Grogan and Miss Huntress have written two very fine class songs but they could not be voted upon as Miss Rhinehardt, another who had been asked to write a song, was not present.

Mr. Kallman suggested that a basket ball team be organized and it was found that the class had some very good players. They played Mr. Crown's team and were beaten by a score of 16-0.

—George E. Emerson, Secretary

COMPLIMENTS OF

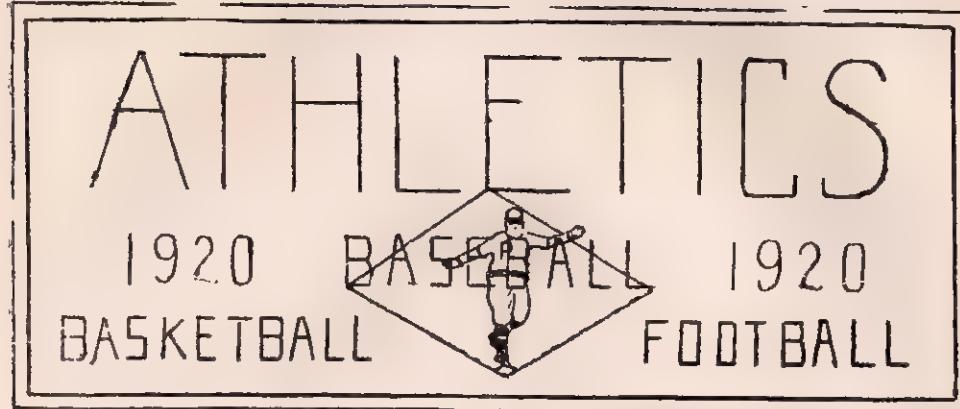
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Pittsfield 20; Dalton 11

For the first time in many years P. H. S. defeated Dalton High on their own floor. The game was Pittsfield's all the way through and at no time were they in danger. Mangan and Bridges worked the best for P. H. S. and Stephens did the best for Dalton.

The line up:

PITTSFIELD	F. G.	F. B.	T. P.
Dannybuski, l.f.	0	0	0
Bridges, r.f.	2	1	5
Burns, c.	0	0	0
Mangan, c.	3	5	11
Weltman, l.g.	2	0	4
Dolphin, r.g.	0	0	0

DALTON

Gilbert, l.f.	0	0	0
P. Depew, l.f.	0	0	0
Garry, r. f.	0	0	0
Connors, r.f.	0	0	0
Stephens, c.	2	1	5
Woodlock, l. g. r.g.	2	2	6
La Mountain, r.g., l.g.	0	0	0
L. Depew, r.g.	0	0	0

Referee, Maguire of Dalton, Time 20 minute halves.

P. H. S. 45; Chatham 9

The next game was very easy and one sided all the way through. The losers from Chatham were not what they were expected to be and Pittsfield won by our largest score this year, 45-9.

The line up:

PITTSFIELD	F. G.	F. B.	T. P.
Dannybuski, l. f.	5	0	10
Bridges, r.f.	3	0	6
Aronson, r.f.	1	0	2
Mangan, c.	8	1	17
Weltman, l.g.	5	0	10
Dolphin, r.g.	0	0	0
Leonard, r.g.	0	0	0

CHATHAM

Potter, l.f.	2	1	5
Wilcox, r.f.	2	0	4
Daley, c.	0	0	0
Waltmeyre, l.g.	0	0	0
Seery, r.g.	0	0	0

Referee, Childs of Pittsfield. Time, 20 minute halves.

Williams 23; Pittsfield 15

The following game was a loss in the hands of Williams high of Stockbridge. Our boys were last on the small floor of the Town Hall and were unable to make their shots count.

The line up:

W. H. S.	F. G.	F. B.	T. P.
W. Rathburn, l. f.	3	0	6
Babcock, r.f.	0	0	0
Hennessey, r.f.	0	2	2
James Gavin, c.	4	0	8
John Gavin, l.g.	3	0	6
Noble, r.g.	0	0	0

P. H. S.

Dannybuski, l.f.	1	0	2
Aronson, r. f.	0	0	0
Bridges, r.f.	0	0	0
Mangan, c.	2	7	11
Goodman, l. g.	0	0	0
Weltman, r.g.	2	0	4
Leonard, l.g.	0	0	0

Referee, Chandler. Time, 20 minute halves.



The following exchanges, when received, are placed in the library for the Student body to read. This means that the magazines are to be read and then placed in a neat pile on the shelf of the Library. If you have any comments to make on the different papers please drop them in the "Student's Pen box".

We acknowledge the following:

Bangor Oracle, Bangor, Me.

The Crimson and White, Albany, N. Y.

Dean Megaphone, Franklin, Mass.

The Enigma, Lenox, Mass.

Kent Quarterly, Kent, Conn.

The Magpie, Waterbury, Conn.

The Oracle, Manchester, N. H.

The Recorder, Syracuse, N. Y.

The Roman, Rome, Ga.

Fulton Year Book, Fulton, N. Y.

The Taconic, Williamstown, Mass.

The following are comments on the magazines received in the last month:

The Acorn, Roanoke, Va. Inasmuch as you are just beginning in magazine land your paper, is one of the best that we receive. It could be improved however, by not scattering your jokes all through the book.

The Blue and Gold, Malden, Mass. Yours is an excellent little paper for a weekly. How can you do it?

The Catamount, Bennington, Vt. We wish to congratulate you on your last edition. It was a great improvement over your former ones, but your jokes can still be improved. Why not vary your covers just a little, too?

The Scarlet Tanager, Chatham, N. Y. Have you no artists in Chatham to draw you some cuts? Your paper would be easier to read, too, if your departments were separated a little more.

The Drury Academe, North Adams, Mass. An excellent paper but why don't you fill up the vacant spaces between your different departments?

The Register, Burlington, Vt. Your cuts are especially well drawn and your other departments show careful preparation.

The S. H. S. Echoes, Springfield, Vt. Your literary department is very good but why do you not print a list of your editors and haven't you an exchange department?

The Talisman, Huntington, Mass. You have a very good list of advertisements but if a separate page were taken for each department, it would be improved.

The Garnet and White, West Chester, Pa. Your artists are very clever on your cuts and your jokes are very interesting.

The Crimson and Gray, Southbridge, Mass. A very clever paper. Your jokes and alumni notes are especially good.

The Lancastonian, Lancaster, N. H. Your paper is well written but a few cuts would improve it. Why not place the "Student's Pen" on your exchange list?

The Crimson and White, Albany, N. Y. A nice little paper but why place your literary department before the Editorials? Your exchange department is very good.

For the Backward Reader

Eht tsiggib sloof I llits eralced,
Era ton ni deddap llec ro llats,
Tub esoht ohw wonk siht sah on esnes,
Tey ylluferac wollof urht ti lla.

—Hal

Heard after Christmas

Jones—"What did your son say when you told him there was no Santa Claus?"

Stubbs—"He asked me if that was the first time I knew it."

What caused the large attendance at dress rehearsals

Miss Converse—"There will be a dress rehearsal Wednesday night, but you needn't wear your clothes if you don't want to."



Ye Poll Parrot

Diseases of Quadrupeds Inhabiting the Terrestrial Sphere

Spasm 2

Prof. Amphibrachius

The feeling issuing from the derangement of the deposition of dentine about, and by the activity of certain cells of, a vascular papilla or of a mesoblastic tissue, somewhat known among the descendants of *pythycanthupus erectus*, is also prevalent among the beasts, but in a more ferocious and irrelevant combination. It is seldom attributed to its real perpetrator sweets, but more to a process of slow oxidation of the aforementioned deranged dentine of the mesoblastics. One of the highly inexplicable acts of our quadrupedal fellows in the purloining of compounds of dextrose from human habitations. Thus, we see, and more easily understand the irresponsible and cacophonous nocturnal concuts on the rear dividing unit by certain of the feline species.

Going Down!

H. B.—“Say what do you think? I kissed Ev. on the forehead last night.”
A. M.—“What did she say?”
H. B.—“She called me down.”

To the Women

If at first you don't succeed
Try, try, again.

To the Vamp

If at first you don't succeed
Sigh, sigh again

To C. Heather

If at first you don't succeed
Flunk, funk again

To C. Cooper

See above for the Vamp

To J. Hopper

If at first you don't succeed
Talk, talk again.

So True?

Kissing is like opening a bottle of olives, if you get one the rest come easy.

Another Victim

He laid the still white form beside those that had gone before. Inarticulate at first, as if borne down by some great grief, she closed her eyes and it seemed as if she would faint. A shriek, and a dead silence. Another shriek the wail of a soul in anguish, and ominous silence. The dentist was pulling her teeth.

The Piano Way

Fairone—We think she has red hair and lives in Adams:—“Will you start ‘Whispering’, Cliff?”

C. Heather—“What's the matter, has your governor come home?”

Not Bad?

Old Grad—“The students of P. H. S. aren't what they used to be.”
Stude—“No, they used to be babies!”

Prohibition!

Young Innocent—“Mother what is a Scotch highball?”
Mother—“Heavens on earth, child.”

He lay in the muddy gutter,
Too glum to bat an eye;
All joy in life had vanished,
He'd crawled out there to die.
I wish that I were with him

To revel in miseries calm
I'm the meanest "snake" in high school—
A stag at the Junior Prom.

He Did!

Kenyon—"I want to go to North Adams the worst way."
Bramble—"Take the Berkshire Street Railway."

PROM

During Prom a girl's shoestring
Came untied.—
It was the proper thing for her escort
To tie it up again.—
But with shoe-tops where they are
Oh, well—————"

Personal

"If you'd make a peevish girl
Out of one that ain't
Just remark "Matilda,
I think I smell fresh paint."

—*The Jester*

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in our policy; it governs every
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of the goods we sell and is the
balance wheel that eliminates
any danger of excessive prices.

Ask any dignified Senior where
he buys his ties and will always
answer,

"Why I buy MY ties at



A watch may have no gender,
But you really can't efface
The fact that nearly always
There's a woman in the case.

—*The Crimson and White*

Slick City "feller"—"See that hill over there? Well, it's all bluff."
Just as Slick Farmer—"See that cow over there? Well, it's all bull."

—*The Recorder*

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Tel. 567
34 North St.

Senior—"I'm having a corn roast at my house to-night."

Freshie—"At your house?"

Senior—"Yes, I'm going to put my feet on the radiator."

—The Recorder

Air!!!

In the scrimmage the little man had been knocked down and trampled on, "Stand back, there!" shouted the benevolent stranger. "Give him air, and hurry up with the brandy."

"Never mind about the air," murmured the patient in a faint voice.

Ex.

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only from reliable firms.

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of enjoyment" --Disraeli



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Young Men is one of
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others are, dependable
fabrics, careful tailoring
and splendid values.

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NO. 4

VOL. VI



PITTSFIELD HIGH SCHOOL

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